

MAY 27th, 1938

VOL. 12 NO. 21

# THE FAMILY CIRCLE



BEN BERNE . . . gives a hint, by his expression, of what he thinks of the autograph hounds who cause him to lead a hammed life. The incredible extent to which Ben and other stars are imposed upon is described by Paul W. Kearney

LORETTA YOUNG is allowed to do little except beauty. "Four Men and a Prayer," but comes from England, gets a real chance and makes the most of it

**YOU'RE GOING TO VISIT NEW YORK?**  
Then be sure to see the Rockettes of the Music Hall. (We show just a few of them here in an Easter number—and who ever heard of bunnies wearing trousers?) And be sure to see lots of the other sights which "What Price New York?" recommends. Page 14



# "let's go on a picnic!"



PLAN A PICNIC LUNCH  
THAT'S OUT OF THE  
ORDINARY—RITZ  
WILL HELP YOU DO IT

WHY not put a few surprises in your picnic lunch? With a little imagination (and no work) you can make it just as interesting and satisfying as a home dinner.

In addition to the regular "standbys," include a thermos of chilled tomato juice. Take a few jars of tasty spreads, a couple packages of Ritz, and let the crowd make their own appetizers.

Take along a head of lettuce, tomatoes, a jar of dressing, and make a fresh, tempting salad "on location." Served with crisp Ritz it's glorious!

Of course you'll want plenty of Ritz with the milk and soft drinks. And for dessert there's nothing more welcome than these delicious crackers with peanut butter or jam. Order Ritz from your regular grocer. And—have a good time!



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# The Family Circle

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## THE PERSONAL TOUCH

ED S. MILLER, 5602 Farnam St., Omaha, Nebraska, sends us a copy of "Along the Way," a booklet of reprint verse and quotations which has been compiled and published by him as a hobby. "Along the Way," copies of which Mr. Miller sends to friends and business associates at Christmas time, is, we think, one of the finest volumes of its kind that we have seen, and we are indeed grateful to Mr. Miller, who sent it along to us with the hope that other FAMILY CIRCLE readers will enjoy selections from it. We would like to reprint many of the verses, but because of limited space and the fact that most contributions to the Personal Touch are in verse, we have selected for reprinting here a few of the many fine prose quotations from Mr. Miller's booklet.

*Even a fool may shine in high places if he refrain from talking.* —CHINESE PROVERB

*It's good to have money and the things money can buy—but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you have some of the things money can't buy.* —GEORGE HORACE LOOMIS

*Sleep, riches, and happiness to be truly enjoyed must be interrupted.* —JOHN HALL

*It is with words as it is with meamebeans—the more they are condemned the deeper they burn.* —ROBERT SOUTHHEY

*Good manners is only a happy way of doing things.* —RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*Youth is pert and positive, age modest and doubting. So cars of, when young and light, stand bolt upright—but hang their heads when weighty, full, and ripe.* —BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

*All the things I would really like to do are either immoral, illegal—or fattening.* —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

*Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the rest.* —MARK TWAIN

*It is not what we eat but what we digest that makes us strong; not what we gain but what we save that makes us rich; not what we read but what we remember that makes us learned; and not what we profess but what we practice that makes us Christians.* —BACON

*Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.* —PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

*Wear your learning like your watch—in*

*your pocket—and do not pull it out merely to show that you have it.* —LORD CHESTERFIELD

*Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.* —GEORGE ELIOT

*A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry, or see a fine picture every day of his life in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul.* —GOETHE

*When I was a boy of fourteen, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have him around. But when I got to be twenty-one, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.* —MARK TWAIN

*It is better to give than to lend—and it costs about the same.* —GIBBS

*Nothing is easier than faultfinding. No talent, no self-denial, no brooks, no character are required to set up in the grubbing business.* —ROBERT WEST

*Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.* —MARK TWAIN

*The place to take the true measure of a man is not the forum or the field, not the market place or the awning corner, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask, and you may judge whether he is sly or angel, king or cur, hero or knave.*

*I care not what the world says of him. If his children rush to the front gate to greet him, and lover's own sunshine illuminates the face of his wife when she hears his footfall, you may take it for granted that he is true gold, for his home's a heaven, and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God.* —WILLIAM COPFER BEAN

*To maintain order, intelligence, and harmony in the territory immediately under one's own hat will keep most of us fairly well employed.*

*Following lines of least resistance is what makes rivers—and men—crooked.*

*You are as courageous as any man can be if you are doing your darndest and doing it with a smile.*

*I would rather be able to appreciate things that I cannot have than to have things that I cannot appreciate.*

*Life begins at forty—and so do fallen arches, lambs, wrinkles, and the tendency to tell the same story to the same person three or four times.*

"*YOUR magazine is tiptop from cover to cover.*" Mrs. Virginia Lawrence, 2906 Capp St., Oakland, California, tells us. "Here is a reprint poem from my collection which I want to share with other readers of THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE."

### TAKE WHAT COMES

*Do not kick about the weather.  
It won't change conditions whether  
You are satisfied or not.  
If each day you find it raining,  
Don't waste any time complaining—  
Just be glad it isn't hot.*

*If it's hot, try not to mind it.  
Just be cheerful—you will find it  
To be for the safer rule.  
Fussing will not make it better;  
Everybody hates a fretter—  
Kicking never makes you cool.*

*Take what comes and just enjoy it,  
Don't let discontent afflict it—  
It's the wisest thing to do.  
Try this plan I've given thought to;  
If it helps you, as it ought to,  
Maybe I will try it, too!*

THESE are pleasant words indeed from Virginia Lee, 1124 N. Berendo St., Los Angeles, California: "I have finally got around to writing a letter of thanks to you for the fine magazine that you publish each week. The point that I especially want to make is one that another reader made several weeks ago. It is that I like to buy something at the store where I get my FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE. I know that this is not necessary, but I feel that I ought to buy something—just to show my appreciation for the store's distribution of the magazine. Even while on a trip a year ago last summer I was ever on the lookout for the stores which had the magazine. I am sending along some poetry which some of your other readers may like."

### FROM A PET SHOP WINDOW

*His eyes said, "Come and buy me;  
I'll be as good as gold;  
I'll never chew your slippers;  
I'll give you faith untold."*

*His eyes said, "I'll assure you;  
I'll take your mind away  
From all's little worries—  
How you and I could play!"*

*His eyes said, "Do not leave me;  
We two belong together.  
I'll follow you across the world  
Through fair and stormy weather."*

*His eyes said, "Come and buy me;  
I'll love you till I drop."  
I turned—and then, a weakling,  
I walked into the shop!*

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER

### RELIGIOUS

*Perhaps I need religion,  
But when I say a prayer,  
I sorta feel inside me  
That God is always there.*

*Perhaps I don't exactly  
Know fancy words to say,  
But I'm real sure God understands  
When I just try to pray.*

*I guess God always listens,  
'Cause His own child, you see,  
Was Jesus, who was once a boy—  
A little kid like me.*

*So maybe words don't matter  
If God gets in my heart,  
I'm pretty sure He likes to hear  
An' take a feller's part!*

—JOHN MARSH

(Please turn to page 13)

# MIRACLE IN

IF YOU INHERITED \$20,000, WOULD YOU TRY TO  
FULFILL A LIFELONG DREAM? AND IF SO, WOULD  
YOU FIND OUT WHAT THE CAPPSES DID?

BY STEWART ROBERTSON

SHORTLY before he had the pleasure of astounding his wife, Mr. Pinkerton Capps, triumphantly aglow after an all-day battle with sales resistance, rounded the corner from Maple Avenue into Green Street. Like many another independent entrepreneur, he made his household stools by keeping a weather eye out for protocol snafus—which he usually found in visitors to Castleton. But tonight things were decidedly different. A maelstrom of thought was seething beneath Mr. Capps' gray worsted exterior, and it was with an absent-minded eye that he reconnoitered the stretch of Green Street which lay before him—a twenty-five-year-old vista which he accepted with the same mild acquiescence as spectacles and thinning hair.

"It's a hideous color, Cappy, I'll admit, and maybe too horsey for business suits. But rummies who fall for sports jackets will like it. Fencenforth tells 'em so. Well, call it Jungle Sunset!"

## GREEN ST.



Even Mrs. Reeves-Rockstraw was more weather-beaten and bop-eyed than photographs showed, and she seemed to be waffled on a scent of hyacinth. Mrs. Capps hated hyacinths in his customary protest. "Drones! Unearned increment! Idle rich. Thank heaven we don't have that kind in Castleton."

"Just the same," said Mrs. Capps, defending her opinion as usual, "with all that whirl going on, a body would feel more touch with the world. If I ever got hold of any money, nothing would stop me from running up there—goes without saying."

"Then," suggested Mr. Capps, "why don't you go?" And—with what he hoped was superb nonchalance—he threw \$20,000 on the dining table. "Compliments of Uncle George," said Mr. Capps shakily.

Mrs. Capps turned white. "You don't mean that that's the money your Uncle George promised to leave us in his will?" she asked. "Oh, Pinkerton, don't tell me that your Uncle George has gone! And you've kept the news from till now? How dreadful!" Mrs. Capps began to weep softly.

"Far from it," smiled Mr. Capps. "The old sinner dropped in to see me this morning between the sheets. He's on one of his cross-country dashes, and he bid me farewell, that he'd live to be a hundred that he'd decided to give us something on account now. He had it on him in cash, Mabel, and he said that we're to spend it for something we really want, because the amount in the will still holds good. So now you can go to Chicago—and I can take that New York trip to get some big-town pointers on running a haberdashery before I start one of my own."

They both fell silent, pondering the prodigal Uncle George, a bachelor who went gallivanting around the country selling oil tanks at a tremendous profit, and who was popularly supposed to be a blend of Midas and Me-

thusa." "M Y stars!" said Mrs. Capps at last, "It seems like a miracle! Your Uncle George is a clever man, Pinkerton, and he must have sensed that we thought we were in a rut."

(Please turn to page 6)

There were maples on Green Street, and elms, and in between the small white houses were slim rows of poplars—all of which took on a mystery and added grace when dusk came filtering down. Due to the economy of the city fathers, Green Street, by the blinding standards of 1938, was not so well lighted as it might have been, and because of that the trees in the early evening were feathered masses, the houses becoming a dark green background on which lacy shadows played, and the lawns were blots of smoky purple. The foresight of a city planner or the vagaries of some civil engineer had given the four blocks of Green Street a sort of scalloped curve which made it more attractive than its regimental neighbors, and whether bronzed in autumn or whitened by magnolias afloat with blossoms in the spring, it looked like a livable, homelike, somewhat old-fashioned place.

But tonight Mr. Capps was looking at but not seeing the familiar Green Street scene. All he knew was that wings seemed to be beating within his breast and trumpet sounding from afar. He heard the sound of the wind, and he hung his fedora on the brassy peg that had the lacquer worn off it by just such a daily and rutty practice. Mr. Capps kissed his wife with a full, smacking salute which never failed to surprise him by its agreeableness. He ate his way through an excellent supper, and when the raisin and whipped cream pie was on the table,

Mr. Capps reached for the Chicago paper he always brought home and presented it to Mrs. Capps. As he did so, he felt his heart step up a notch. Mrs. Capps would give him his opening any moment now.

Meanwhile Mr. Capps kept thinking his thoughts. He knew that he was proud of his home, he liked his job, and he loved his wife, but there had been times when he had some vague armchairlike fancies rather than launch them against the armor of reality. And there was no longer any need for stifling them. His heart's desire had moved from a shimmering mirage to something clear-cut, well detailed. He was wondering if Magellan, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Marco Polo had known such moments, and if they had really ranged afielid because life in quiet streets had chased them. As for himself, Mr. Capps knew that at fifty he was no adventurer, but he liked to think that perhaps Magellan and those boys had been pitchforked into great events simply because they were sick to death of their neighbors. If . . .

"ANOTHER society wedding on the Gold Coast" recited Mrs. Capps in reverent tones from behind the Chicago paper. "Multimillionaire dedicates garage at Saddle and Cycle Club. Jeweled box holders sit tall listening while Grace Moore sings 'La Boheme.' Mrs. Reeves-Rockstraw entertains the Countess de Flahzi." Mrs. Capps sighed enviously. "They certainly do see life on Chicago's north side!"

"They're a lot of parasites," countered Mr. Capps, mak-



## If you picked them fresh from your garden, you wouldn't have finer peas than STOKELY'S

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### MIRACLE IN GREEN STREET

(Continued from page 5)

"He didn't have to sense it, Mabel, because I've mentioned it often enough. Why, look at him—he's seventy-one, never knows where he's going to sleep from one week to the next, and yet he's as young as we are."

"He's not so happy, though—he couldn't be. Pinkerton, if I go to Chicago for a couple of weeks, it will be terrible being away from you, so—"

"No," said Mr. Capps firmly. "I positively won't go with you! I couldn't stand those fourflushers you think are so wonderful. And anyway, you know what I've talked about doing if I had the time and money. Of course, I want to have my own shop. But first I want to go to New York and see some of the big successes like Paunceforte. His place is known all over the world, and the stuff he contributes to the *Bon Bonn Gazette* is what makes that trade paper the haberdashers' guidebook. You go your way with half the money, darling, and I'll go mine. Besides, we can make these trips several times a year, if we're careful. Hub! I guess now people will stop thinking we're crazy because we read the New York and Chicago papers. They—Why, what are you wrinkling up your nose like that for?"

"You know," said Mrs. Capps dreamily, "I sort of resemble Mrs. Reeves-Rackstraw. Our faces have the same contour, and my wave is like hers, except that I guess mine has to last longer. And, of course, she must have wonderful poise. Still, if I had her clothes . . ."

Mr. Capps knew enough to quench this wifely complaint with a kiss. And when he handed her into a taxi the following morning, he found himself again kissing her with the fervor of a groom. Neither of them particularly noticed that Green Street stretched drowsily under the early sun, and that the sharp scent of flowers was drifting across grass on which the dew still sparkled. All they saw was each other, and as they reached the station, Mrs. Capps clung suddenly to her husband's sleeve.

"Now that I'm actually going," she said a little wildly, "it still seems like a miracle! But I won't see you for a week or ten days!"

Mr. Capps kissed her. "Now, ten days isn't such a long time," he said, as they drew up at the station underpass. "Here, this porter will take you to the westbound tracks, and I have to go to the east, because the trains are only a few minutes apart. Don't telegraph unless you have bad news, and we'll compare notes when we get home. And now good-by, darling—I'll miss you awfully!" Mr. Capps meant it deeply, but two minutes after Mrs. Capps' westbound train pulled out, Mr. Capps' mind moved on to the great Paunceforte.

MABEL CAPPS knew what she wanted, for she had not read her Chicago papers in vain. She registered at a smart North Shore hotel, invested in everything the beauticians offered from a wave to a pedicure, and then, telling herself that she felt the way fresh lettuce looked, she sought out the establishment of Monsieur Vionnet, who was a favorite of feature writers. This ex-Parisian was an expert at imitating fine jewelry, and with many "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of astonishment at the beauty of his own craftsmanship, M. Vionnet helped Mrs. Capps select \$200 worth of paste necklaces, bracelets, and rings. If real, swore M. Vionnet with eyes uplifted, the outfit would be worth \$50,000—and, indeed, the glittering ensemble looked it and more.

Next on the program came gowns, and Mrs. Capps disbursed \$1,000 with incredible ease and swiftness, and the effect, according to her mirror, was most gratifying. Then came four crowded days during which she

(Please turn to page 94)

## BRIDE'S CAKE

Rich white cake

3 cups flour	6 egg whites
3 tbs baking powder	1 cup milk
1 tsp salt	½ cup almond extract
½ cup shortening	½ cup lemon extract
½ cup sugar	

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and salt. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add egg whites one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add dry ingredients alternately with liquid, beating until batter is smooth and creamy; add flavorings. In well greased 8-inch layer cake pans, bake 30 minutes, or until done, in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 12 to 16.

## THREE-TIER BRIDE'S CAKE

If 3-tier bride's cake is desired, for large tier (3x3), double recipe for bride's cake; fill pan three-quarters full; and bake 2 hours, or until done, in moderate oven (350° F.). Again double recipe. For second tier, fill pan (9x3), three-quarters full; and bake 70 minutes. For third tier, fill pan (5x3) three-

Molded separately, shimmering jellied chicken is placed atop the tiny ham mousse ring for an attractive tier effect.



quarters full; bake 45 minutes, or until done.

Make 4 or 5 batches of ornamental icing. When cool, spread each tier completely with thin coating of icing; let dry; arrange layers in pyramid; and ice completely with heavier coating. When dry, flute edges with pastry tube, using flat nozzle about 34 inch wide. Decorate with special bridal decorations. (Note: It is better to work out design first on edge of pan or heavy paper.)

## ORNAMENTAL ICING

For bride's cake

5 cups powdered sugar	2 egg whites
1 cup water	1½ cups granulated sugar
½ tsp. salt	1 tsp. vanilla extract
4 lbs. butter or shortening	1 to 2 lbs. cream

Sift sugar; measure; and sift again with salt. Cream butter or shortening until light and fluffy. Gradually add 2 cups sugar to butter, blending well after each addition. Stir in remaining sugar alternately with unbeaten egg whites; add flavoring; and add cream a few drops at a time, beating after each addition until smooth and right consistency to spread.



"Kitchenerizing"—a cheerful red binder, completely indexed and designed to hold more than 200 pages. Is ideal for those cutout projects, as well as for recipes of your own. Send for one of these useful, attractive binders and start making your own cook book. We are offering "Kitchenerizing"—post paid—for only 25¢ in coin or stamps. Please write to Julia Lee Wright, Box 660, The Family Circle Magazine, Oakland, California.

# Julia Lee Wright

ACCORDING to information from our reporter Dan Cupid, he's been a very, very active fellow lately with his little bow and arrow. Troussaus are already undergoing finishing touches, bridal veils are awaiting their orange blossom trimmings, and questions about after-the-ceremony receptions are arising.

Foremost among these questions is the cake problem. Weddings, formal or informal, may have one, two, or three cakes. If there is to be only one cake, it should, of course, be a snowy white bride's cake—soft and lovely with floral trimmings. If a second cake is desired, it's usually a dark, rich, fruity wedding cake. This is generally cut and packed, before the reception, in dainty little boxes, which are placed near the door for the guests to take home with them. For a large gathering where more cake is needed, there may be a third cake—the groom's cake—which is placed at one end of the table and the bride's cake at the other. A plain, single-tier pound cake of any size or shape is appropriate, and it may have either a thin white icing or none at all.

Being firm believers in the old saying that "eternal happiness belongs to the bride who bakes her own cake," we used only standard kitchen equipment (such as is available in almost every home) in baking and decorating the bride's cake pictured here. The resulting cake, we think, shows that brides need have no misgivings in making it, too. And the finished cake disproves the idea that only those which are professionally baked are elaborate enough for the blushing bride to eat.

The traditional all-white bride's cake may be either a fine-textured butter cake, rich in egg whites, or a white pound cake. A little practice with a pastry tube is all that is necessary for anyone to become proficient in piping the



## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

attractive fluting on the edge. And at most novelty counters you may purchase lovely bride's cake trimmings to add that professional touch. Atop our cake stand a bride and bridegroom under an arch of lilies of the valley. A dainty white wedding bell may take their place if preferred.

This cake is rich in sentiment and the small symbolic souvenirs baked in make it rich in prophecies for the wedding guests. The traditional dime, which foretells wealth; the ring, indicative of an early marriage; and the thimble, forecasting spinsterhood, always cause merriment among the guests when the cake is cut. To avoid having the souvenirs sink to the bottom of the tiers while the cake is being baked, it is best to pour most of the batter in the pan, then place the souvenirs around the top, and pour the remaining batter over them.

Resplendent in all its beauty, the bride's cake occupies the place of honor on the table at the wedding reception which follows the ceremony. This gathering may be either a stand-up or sit-down affair, regardless of the time of day. Sometimes, even though the buffet service is chosen, it is preferable for the bridal party to be seated and served at a table.

Since beauty is everywhere in evidence on such an occasion, the refreshments, too, should be lovely to look upon as well as delicious to taste. The reception ring of ham mousse and jellied chicken, shown in the illustration, is ideal for this eventful party. To achieve the beautiful tier effect, the jellied chicken is molded separately, then placed on top the molded ham mousse ring.

Fancy ice cream bricks, molds, or cups especially designed for weddings make tasty accompaniments to the bride's cake.

In addition to complete directions for baking and decorating the bride's cake, we've included menus for the most favored types of wedding receptions—menus featuring dishes which are delicious and beautiful, with all the traditional trimmings worthy of such a momentous occasion.

# Julia Lee Wright

Director, Homemakers' Bureau,  
The Family Circle Magazine,  
Box 660, Oakland, California

The traditional white bride's cake combines sentiment, form, beauty, and deliciousness. Program your wedding cake with candles and grace the table.



"RECIPES YOU'LL ENJOY"—That's the title of Julia Lee Wright's own cook book. It contains 300 original recipes for new dishes—new tricks with old ones—party hits galore. Mrs. Wright originated many of the recipes, has tested them all, and has many more to add. The book is filled with helpful hints, too. The binding is lace-bound. Each section is indexed for ready reference. AND, if you want to add more

MAY 27TH

## MENUS

## HIGH BREAKFAST

Frothy Pineapple Juice  
or  
Chilled Fasny Fresh, Frill or  
Berry Cocktail  
Spiral Slices of Corn Bread with  
Sliced Bacon and Tomato with  
Creamed Chicken and Mushrooms  
Buttered Green Asparagus Tip  
Lover's-knot Rolls  
Ice or Sherbet Bride's Coke



## EUFFET SUPPER

Fruit or Vegetable Cocktail and  
Assorted Ham, Omelets and Cones  
Reception Ring  
Ham mousse with jellied chicken  
Small Hot Biscuits or Rolls  
Celery Hearts Stuffed Green Olives  
Rice Divinity Soiled Nuts  
Cups, Bricks, or Fancy Molds of  
Ice Cream  
Bride's Coke Petits Fours  
Coffee Mints

## RECEPTION REFRESHMENTS

Hot Bread Sandwiches with Date,  
Orange Juice, and Nut Filling  
Mixed Salad and Almond  
Sandwiches  
Tiny Croissants Puffs with  
Hot Cheese Filling  
Decorated Ice Cream in Paper Cups  
Bride's Coke  
Tea, Coffee, or Punch

Fancy Ice Cream in Molds, Bricks,  
or Cups  
Bride's Coke  
Coffee or Fruit Punch  
Soled Nuts Mints

## RECEPTION RING

Ham mousse with jellied chicken

2 tbsp., softened gelatin	1 cup whipping cream
1 cup cold water	1 cup mayonnaise
3 cups boiling water	1 lb. or 4 cups
1 cup sugar	chicken broth
4 tbsp. vinegar	or water
1 tsp. prepared mustard	1/2 cup finely diced
1 tsp. prepared	onion
1/2 tsp. salt	Jellied chicken
1/2 tsp. Worcester-	(recipe follows)
shire sauce	

Soften gelatin in cold water about 5 minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add seasonings. Chill until thick.

Places of rich, fruity wedding cake are definitely wrapped, tied, and placed near the door to be taken home by guests

and syrupy. Beat with rotary beater until consistency of whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, mayonnaise, ham, and pimento. Pour into mold (3-quart size). Chill about 4 hours, or until firm. Unmold on large serving dish; top with jellied chicken. Garnish with water cress, lettuce, cucumber slices, or pickled fruit. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves about 25.

## JELLIED CHICKEN

Serve with ham mousse

1 1/2 lbs. gelatin	1/2 tsp. onion juice
1/2 cup cold water	1/2 cup Worcester-
1/2 cup boiling	shire sauce
chicken broth	1 cup finely
or water	diced chicken
2 lbs. chicken	1/2 cup drained
1/2 lb. bacon	shredded almonds
1/2 cup, soft	1/2 cup finely sliced
1/2 cup, sugar	celery

Soften gelatin in cold water about 5 minutes; dissolve in chicken broth or water. Add lemon juice and seasonings. Chill until thick and syrupy. Sift in chicken, almonds, and celery. Pour into mold (1-quart size). Chill about 3 hours, or until firm.

## MIRACLE IN GREEN STREET

(Continued from page 6)

lived on the fringe of the life she had read about for so long. Mrs. Capps felt neither jealousy nor a ridiculous desire to enter the charmed circle, for she was not a snob. She merely edged as close as she could to the people who interested her and gazed at them with the naive enthralment of a youngster at the zoo.

A ten-dollar bill, Mabel Capps found, would work wonders with a captain of waiters when it came to wrangling a table adjacent to that of the socially elect. She listened to their conversation, she appraised their clothes, she tried to imagine what it would be like to face a future of aimless diversion and animated talk about nothing. She took her tea at the proper places. She sat in the clubhouse at Washington Park, watching the thoroughbreds run, and she honestly tried to keep from making comparisons between horseflesh and people. Mabel dawdled at the flower show, a polo match, a brace of night clubs, and bribed a sexton to let her sit in at the wedding finale of an international romance.

M EANWHILE, into the placid pool of Mabel Capps' mind there had been splashing some disturbing observations. The voices of the magic people were frequently flat and strident; not one of them was as distinctive as the movie actresses you see pretending to be society people; and not one of them wore her gorgeous clothes with the ease and charm of little Eloise Avery, who was nobody but a stenographer who lived on Green Street. Even the socially omnipotent Mrs. Reeves-Rackstraw was a good deal more weather-beaten and bag-eyed than her photographs showed, and she seemed to be wafted upon the heady scent of hyacinths. Mrs. Capps hated hyacinths. Nevertheless, Mabel accepted this gradual disillusionment with equanimity, and decided to stay out the ten days anyway. But she changed her mind the night she went to the opera.

Thrilled and teary after the compelling serge of "Lohengrin," Mrs. Capps climbed into the expensive limousine she had rented at four dollars an hour and asked to be driven northward on the lake front. Some time later the car was gliding silently through suburban Lake Forest, and Mabel Capps was just noting the beauty of Lake Michigan etched in silver under the moon, when two swarthy individuals suddenly swung onto the running board from a machine that had come alongside.

"All right, sister!" said one tensely, while the other jammed a revolver against the chauffeur's shoulder. "This is a stickup! Let's have that ice!"

Mrs. Capps' heart turned a somersault beneath her counterfeited necklace, and the rest of the paste on her fingers and arms glittered as she fluttered in agitation. "B-B-But—"

A hand shot forward, clutched her necklace, then quickly stripped away the rest of M. Vionnet's masterpieces. "Chances are you've got 'em insured," he gritted, "so you won't lose nothin'. Leave this be a lesson to you, sister, for swellin' around in diamonds and makin' the common people jealous. And believe me—it's a pleasure to snatch these from a Reeves-Rackstraw. So long!"

PINKERTON CAPPS sat in the reception room waiting for the door to open. He was reviewing with a glass stare the fruits of three whole days in fabulous New York. Where, he wondered, was that elusive figure, the Well-Dressed Man? Not, most emphatically, on dear old Broadway. And only occasionally on Fifth and Park Avenues. Mr. Capps' questing gaze had been affronted by thousands of men dressed either

(Please turn to page 21)

# Frank Morgan

Star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures and  
THE MAXWELL HOUSE HIT RADIO PROGRAM, "GOOD NEWS OF 1938"

## speaks:

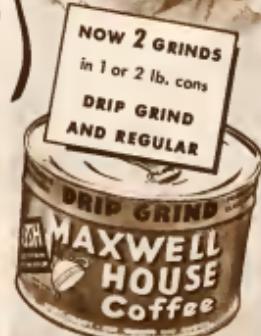
A-A-H! THIS IS THE  
KIND OF DRIP  
COFFEE A MAN  
REALLY ENJOYS—  
RICH AND ROBUST!

THAT'S JUST WHAT  
THE MEN IN MY FAMILY  
SAY, MR. MORGAN!  
BUT, YOU CAN'T MAKE  
GOOD DRIP COFFEE  
UNLESS YOU USE A  
SPECIAL DRIP GRIND—  
SO I USE DRIP GRIND  
MAXWELL HOUSE!

THE special Drip Grind Maxwell House is never coarse . . . never powdery! It's ground just right to give you richer, more flavorful coffee in all drip pots or glass coffee makers.

And Maxwell House is now roasted by that remarkable method called Radiant Roast. The method that brings you all the true flavor, all the real richness of choice coffee.

You'll find too, we believe, that Maxwell House, in Drip or Regular Grind, goes further . . . is more economical. Try roaster-fresh Maxwell House today! A product of General Foods. Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1938





**Time and tide wait for no man, but movie celebrities must wait on their fans.** Here **Kate Francis**, marionette in a van of admirers on a steamboat pier, patiently signs books, photos, and what have you

HERE is a new movement getting under way both in Hollywood and Radio City which deserves much more attention than it has received.

That is the incipient plan for an agreement among the stage, radio, and movie stars to:

1. Make a charge of twenty-five cents for every autograph, the money to go to the stars' funds.

2. Limit signatures exclusively to photographic or autograph book, refusing to sign anything else that is inbound.

The fee idea is similar to the nominal charge of twenty-five cents levied by many autograph hunters on persons in public which raises the proceeds go to the star's fund. The suggestion of refusing autographs on loose papers is simply plain self-protection.

The movement ought to be encouraged by the more ethical publicists among the many autograph hunters—when Horace Greeley once characterized as “the mosquitoes of literature”—have grown to the status of tweeteas.

For instance: One night Rudy Vallee, over-wrought with a bad cold and on the point of collapse, half smothered in a Pullman and took a taxi directly to his hotel. He had canceled every engagement and was on his way home for the total rest which his doctor had ordered. And although it was already after midnight when he registered at his hotel, he made the usual “no disturb” request

## THEY SIGN THEIR LIVES AWAY

of the celebrity on tour. He wanted no phone calls, no telegrams, no messages from “relatives”—no anything. Then Rudy went to bed and took up his interminable bout with Mephistopheles. He never had merely rolled Rudy from one side of the downy couch to the other in a relentless wrangle.

At last, about four o'clock, he dozed off. But no sooner had Rudy's eyes closed, than indeed, than a lusty rap on the door started him wide awake again.

Rudy rolled over and knock came again. He called, but the reply was inaudible. After a third imperative rap, Rudy staggered out of bed, opened the door, and into his face was thrust a fountain pen and an album. “Your autograph, please?” demanded a hefty, dimpled young woman.

“My gosh, lady!” groaned Rudy. “I'm a sick man! I'm dying for sleep—and you wake me up at this hour for an autograph?”

“So what?” snapped she wolf. “How long would it take you to write your name? Sign it, now!”

Inconsiderately Savage, I call it. Yet, having seen many celebrities in show business go through the mill, I can testify that such bland and brutal extortion is not at all unusual.

YOU'VE read, perhaps, about the numerous times Clark Gable, Gene Raymond,

and other celluloid luminaries have had the clothes torn off their backs by “admirers”—and you've seen put it down as press-agent talk. But it isn't so bad, on his last trip to Philadelphia, was so badly mugged by a mob of signature fans that he was wounded up in the hospital. Two years ago at a Christmas party in a Los Angeles department store, some dumb chisel actually snipped a curl from Shirley Temple's hair with a pair of scissars which he had obviously brought along with malice aforethought.

Apart from the fact that it was a front curl and highly important to Shirley's appearance, it was a howdownd trick. And there's no telling what some people won't do for a signature—or a souvenir, if the former is

lacking. One night I was covering a broadcast in Radio City when, after the show, some in the audience got the idea of snipping off a bit of the plush robe which separates the performers from the studio audience. The idea spread so fast that in two minutes there was no robe left.

Indeed, the mania has gone so far that none of these headliners, when on tour, ever gets back more than half his humility if he is so thoughtful as to send it out under his own name. The wolves seem to be in every nook and cranny and there's no telling where they'll pop up next.

For example, I recently went with Ben Bernie to see the Broadway hit “Room Service.” When Ben stepped up to the box office to get his tickets, he found two twelve-autograph hunters were on deck waiting for him, all armed with brand new photographs of the Old Maestro which they wanted him to sign.

When did they get the tip-off that he would be there? And why did they get the pictures? You figure it out?

On another occasion the Old Maestro went to see the play “Richard III,” and during intermission he went outside for a smoke. Somebody in the lobby recognized him, a mob surrounded him, and Ben didn't get back inside until the fast act was well under way.

FOR his signature, a she-wolf got Rudy Vallee out of his sickbed at four in the morning which radio, screen, and stage celebrities take as part of the price of public favor. It isn't once in a while; it's continuous, unending-day and night. And I happen to know Ben Bernie. I've got a dearie from the Great American Custom from observing his experiences in public than from anyone else. Although what I write here cannot be said to be a violation of confidence, you can bet that neither Bernie nor any other celebrity in the entertainment world would ever authorize any such piece as this for either love or money.

However, I'm not Ben's press agent. He isn't my boss. And I have no power to control. Hence I can cheerfully say that I think all the hunting and snacking to put up with the impositions they suffer in the sweet name of good will.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

MAY 27TH

And, believe me, they suffer! For example, one night when Ethel Barrymore was a guest star on a Bernie broadcast, she arrived at the huge Radio City Studio 8H in a wheelchair, the result of a recent edition of the trouper. She came in a wheelchair, and with a fractured leg in a cast. Any ordinary person feeling half as miserable would have been in bed, if not in a hospital, but Miss Barrymore got up with only one leg and hopped around to keep her place.

Before the program began, therefore, Bernie made a point of asking the studio audience, in view of Miss Barrymore's obvious indisposition, to be kind enough to refrain from asking her for autographs. Yet before Miss Barrymore could be wheeled out after

Bernie, Barrymore, on one Bernie broadcast, faced a broken leg no defense against enemies

marquer, they'd have to go through the mill just like the rest of us.”

And who are these wolves who put celebrities through the mill? Everybody and his cousin demands an autograph. The age range extends from almost five to eighty. The men are as bad as the women, and adults are just as inconsiderate as high school kids, if not more so. They run the gamut of intelligence from the local half-wit to some of our best people. And if you doubt the inclusion of the latter, just go to Lincoln Center. There has recently been a meet of white-haired Harvard professors and their wives standing in the same line with the lowbrows waiting to get Bernie's signature!

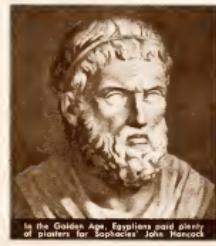
Why, even the Duke of Windsor got Bernie's autograph, and the ladies were playing with Kit Kat Club. However, the Duke (then the Prince of Wales) gave Ben in return—probably the only autograph Bernie ever asked for. And not only did the Duke swap signatures, but he played the drums in the band through several numbers.

No, the autograph urge is not limited to any class of age or era. There are records of the hobby's existence as far back as 435 B.C., when the Egyptians were paying important money for the signatures of outstanding men of the time, like Cleopatra, like Achilles, Socrates, and Euclid. The Greeks themselves finally caught the fever and passed it on to the Romans. But even in their haldest days the ancients never went exactly insane on the subject.

THE modern angle is different. For example, Shakespeare, whose signature today is virtually priceless, never had to travel with a bodyguard to keep him intact. But a fellow like Bernie, whose autograph would bring in more than a quarter on the black market, is as safe as a fugitive from justice. Surely he'd like to get into Child's once in a while for a stack of wheat or go into a haberdashery to buy a hat for himself, but he doesn't dare. Instead, he must, of necessity, eat in only the most expensive places, and he can't afford to pay those rooms. He must shop by having a driver come up to his hotel for inspection behind closed doors. He learned the wisdom of that long ago.

What is this man contributing to posterity? Something less than Lincoln did, no doubt. Yet the fact remains that when his band played at the Blue Ribbon Casino at Chicago

(Please turn to page 22)



In the Golden Age, Epaphus paid plenty of platters for Sophocles' John Hancock



In the middle of a desert, Joan Crawford received a new high in exasperating requests



What Don Harrel thinks autograph wolves deserve would be quite a shock to them



“Autograph collector,” quipped “Go West” Greene, “are the mosquitoes of literature.”

her performance, her chair was surrounded by a dozen maniacs with books and pens.

NOW, don't get me wrong! Some people

legitimate autograph hunters who pursue

their hobby enthusiastically but with decency

and some consideration. Signing autographs

is part of the actor's game, bourgeoisie as it

may be, and although to have one's auto-

graph taken is a box-office appeal and a key to

the asking price for the next booking, it is

a custom which has got far beyond the con-

trol of the smart press agent who first played

it in the theatrical field.

Don Harrel summed it up pretty well re-

cently when he said, “You can prove

the ownership of a celebrity merely by

what you have annoyed a celebrity. Two hundred such autographs are evidence that you are a

very annoying person. Five hundred ought to

sentence you to twenty minutes in the electric

chair.”

The real complaint, however, is with the

unscrupulous savages who carry the thing

to lengths which are out of all proportion

to the significance of the signatures they seek.

And don't fool yourself into thinking that

neither Bernie nor any other celebrity in

the entertainment world would ever authori-

ze any such piece as this for either love or

money.

However, I'm not Ben's press agent.

He isn't my boss.

And I have no power to

control.

Hence I can cheerfully say that I think

all the hunting and snacking to put up with

the impositions they suffer in the sweet name

of good will.

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# SUE SUTTON'S MENUS AND TESTED RECIPES

**SUNDAY**

Pineapple Upside-down Ham Loaf  
Browned Potatoes  
Creamed Brussels Sprouts  
Spring Vegetable Salad Bowl with  
Vinegar and Oil Dressing  
Hot Rolls Butter  
Spice Layer Cake with Brown Sugar  
Icing  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

**MONDAY**

Canned Vegetable Saup  
Slices of Cold Ham Loaf  
Creamed Leftover Browned  
Potatoes  
Buttered Beets  
Buttered Toasted Danish Pastry  
with Apple Butter  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

**TUESDAY**

Fricassee of Round Steak  
Bailed Rice Grov  
Buttered Beef and Turnip Greens  
Mixed Fruit Salad with Mayonnaise  
Bread Butter  
Bailed Custard  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

**WEDNESDAY**

Fried Canned Oysters  
Fried Leftover Rice Patties  
Buttered Asparagus  
Turnip Salad with Mayonnaise  
Bread Butter  
Lettuce-top Cherry Pie  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING RECIPES HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY  
TESTED IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE'S TESTING KITCHEN

Some people prefer to spend Decoration Day quietly at home, and others like to take advantage of the long week end to go into the country. If you're one of the former, the menus suggested for Sunday and Monday are designed to leave you a great deal of time for rest and relaxation.

For those of you who plan to get away from it all, the ham loaf suggested may be prepared on Friday or Saturday, wrapped in wax paper, and taken along. Potato salad or baked

beans may be substituted in place of the browned potatoes. Tomatoes, celery, radishes, and onions occupy little space and can quickly be converted into a delicious salad.

Oranges, bananas, and apples are always welcome on such occasions. And if a more elaborate dessert is a "must" on your away-from-home menus, the spice cake suggested will fill the bill. A few lemons and extra sugar tucked away in the lunch basket will provide for lemonade.

On Friday, macaroni and cheese enthusiasts will gladly welcome their favorite combination enhanced by the addition of mushroom sauce. Layers of cooked macaroni are alternated with layers of grated cheese. Over the top is poured a small can of mushroom sauce, and the casserole is topped off with a generous sprinkling of buttered bread crumbs, then placed in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes, or until the crumbs are browned. Spicy gingerbread with marshmallow sauce brings the meal to a delectable and satisfying finish.

**THURSDAY**

Frankfurters and Sauerkraut

German Fried Potatoes  
Waldorf Salad

Drop Biscuits Butter

Prune Whip  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

**FRIDAY**

Macaroni and Cheese with  
Canned Mushroom Sauce  
Buttered Shredded Carrots  
Sliced Tomatoes Stuffed Eggs  
Bread Butter  
Gingerbread with Marshmallow  
Sauce  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

**SATURDAY**

Tomato Juice Cocktail  
Boston Baked Beans with  
Bacon Slices  
Fried Apples Buttered Onions  
Olives Radishes Pickles  
Brown Bread Butter  
Sponge Cake with Chocolate Sauce  
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

**PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN HAM LOAF**

*Delicious hot or cold*

4 cups day-old bread crumbs	1½ pounds ground round steak
2 cups milk	¾ pound raw ham
2 eggs	½ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard	3 slices pineapple
	1 teaspoon whole cloves

Remove bread from crusts with fork. Break fine; soak in milk. Beat eggs slightly; add mustard and meats. Combine with bread and milk, mixing thoroughly. Put brown sugar on bottom of pan; arrange pineapple slices over it. Sprinkle with whole cloves. Add meat mixture. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven (350° F.). Unmold to serve. Serves 6.

**FRICASSEE OF ROUND STEAK**

*A new way with round steak*

2 pounds round steak	6 tablespoons flour
¾ inch thick	2 cups hot milk
4 tablespoons	½ teaspoon salt
shortening	

Cut round steak into individual servings (4 inches square); roll as for jelly roll; and secure with cord or skewers. Melt shortening in heavy frying pan; brown meat lightly; and remove. To make gravy, brown flour in shortening; add milk; and cook until smooth and slightly thickened. Add meat and salt to gravy; cover. Cook slowly about 1 hour, or until tender. Serves 6.

**TURNIP SALAD**

*A sandwich spread, too*

2 cups shredded new turnips	½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped green pepper	½ teaspoon salt
	2 to 3 tablespoons mayonnaise

Mix ingredients in order given. Toss lightly to mix. Serve in lettuce cups. Serves 6.

**DROP BISCUITS**

*A Southern specialty*

2 cups all-purpose flour	¾ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder	4 tablespoons shortening
	1 cup milk

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening. Add milk, stirring only until all flour is dampened. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Makes 12 large or 18 small biscuits.

## THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(Continued from page 3)

OUR sincere thanks to Mrs. W. R. Bryant, 214 W. 20th St., Lorain, Ohio, for sending these verses and quotations from her collection.

*If I knew you and you knew me,  
If both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart and mine,  
I'm sure that we would differ less  
And clasp our hands in friendliness.  
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,  
If I knew you and you knew me.*

—NIXON WATERMAN

## WHY WERE THE SAINTS SAINTS?

Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful; patient when it was difficult to be patient; because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all. It was quite simple and always will be.

God gives, but we must take possession—whether it is new territory, new courage, or new reserves of strength.

One burning heart sets others on fire!

We are glad to be able to publish this reprint—an open letter to automobile drivers—sent by A. L. Potter, 110 N. Jefferson St., Wellington, Kansas, who says he hopes it may save children's lives by causing drivers to be more thoughtful and careful.

Today my daughter, who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. She had on black shoes and wore blue gloves. Her cocker spaniel, whose name is Scott, sat on the front porch and minded his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved good-by and started off to the halls of learning.

Tonight we talked about school. She told about the girl who sits in front of her—the girl with yellow curls—and the boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head—and about the trees in the school yard—and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things—tremendously vital, unimportant things. Then we studied spelling, reading, and arithmetic—and then to bed.

She's back there now—back in the nursery—sound asleep, with Princess Elizabeth (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm. You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy. When her doll is broken, or her finger is cut or her head gets bumped, I can fix it, but when she starts to school, when she walks across the street—then she's in yours hands.

She's a nice kid. She can run like a deer and don't about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses and swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoons. But I can't be with her all the time—I have to work to pay for her clothes and her education. So please drive slowly past the schools and intersections and please remember that children run from behind parked cars.

Please, PLEASE don't run over my little girl  
—PHIL BRANIFF

at all. In fact, Mr. Naylor assures us, it's a serious piece of legislation and trains have saved the lives of many persons who have become lost in the desert and who might otherwise have died from thirst and starvation.

"I could take you," writes Mr. Naylor, "to plenty of places from which, without water and with no train to save you, you could never return alive. For example, about six months ago two boys whose auto had run out of water set out to walk twelve miles to get water for the car's radiator. The boys became separated. One of them was later found lying exhausted along a railroad track—but he was then too far gone to be saved.

"I personally know one man," Mr. Naylor continues, "who was found by Indians as he wandered, near exhaustion from lack of water, on the desert. If he could have found a railroad, he would have been spared a lot of misery."

"In another case, about a year and a half ago, three boys left their desert camp, which was only forty miles from Phoenix, and became lost. One of them was found by a searching party before it was too late. The other two died—from thirst. No—that last is not so silly!"

And we (and Bob Pilgrim now, too) agree with you wholeheartedly, Mr. Naylor.

OUR thanks to L. L., 3131 Lebanon St., El Paso, Texas, for the following reprint verse.

I wish that there were some wonderful place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our heart-  
aches

And all of our poor selfish grief  
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat, at  
the door,  
And never be put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,  
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;  
And I wish that the one whom our blindness  
had done

The greatest injustice of all  
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that  
waits  
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We'd find all the things we intended to do,  
But forgot—and remembered too late:  
Little praises unspoken and promises  
broken

All of the thousand and one  
Small duties neglected that might have per-  
fected  
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind  
In the Land of Beginning Again;  
And the ones we misjudged, and the ones  
whom we grudged

Their moment of victory here  
Would find in the grasp of our loving hand-  
clasp  
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had  
been best.

And what once had seemed loss was but gain,  
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing  
When we've faced it and laughed it away  
And I think, too, that laughter is most what  
we're after

In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some wonderful  
place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our heart-  
aches

And all of our poor selfish grief  
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at  
the door  
And never be put on again!

INCLUDED recently in the Sillegality department of Bob Pilgrim's Food for Thought was the citation of an Arizona statute which decrees that trains must stop upon arrival and give water to anyone in distress. We are grateful to R. E. Naylor, 3817 N. 10th St., Phoenix, Arizona, for pointing out that the law is not a sillegality

full 3 lbs.



Blue Ribbon Malt is packed full 3 pounds and every solitary ounce is always the same. Every ounce is always bound to be the same high quality because only the finest ingredients are ever used. So, for wise economy plus the satisfaction of knowing that you're always getting full 3 pounds of the very best in wholesomeness, purity and unvarying high quality—always call for good old Blue Ribbon Malt.

© 1946, Preacher-Pilgrim Corp.

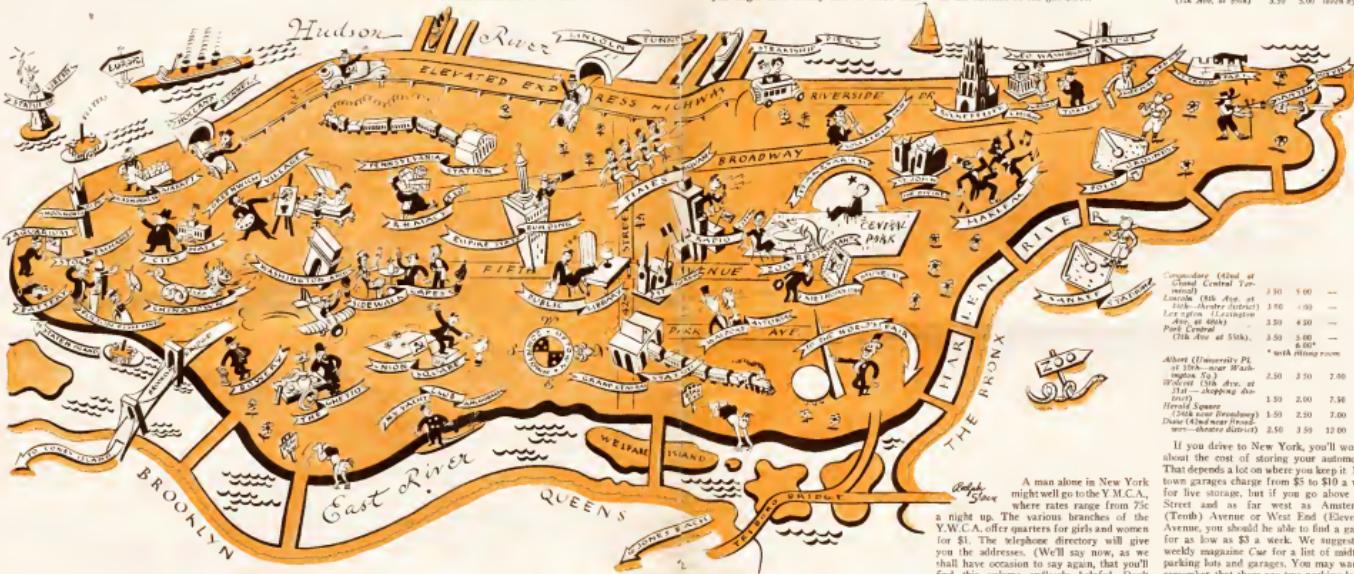
**BLUE RIBBON  
MALT**  
*America's Biggest Seller*

# What Price NEW YORK?

WHAT'S THE PRICE TAG ON A NEW YORK VACATION? HERE ARE

SOME FACTS TO HELP YOU DECIDE

• BY LARRY NIXON



LOTS of you, no doubt, would like to spend your vacation in New York City this summer, but you perhaps hesitate because you think of the cost in dimensions of the skyscrapers. Others among you may be determined to come, even though you feel that the visit will prove too costly for so long a time. And yet most of you wonder just where to go and what to do—with so much to choose from—if you do come.

Well, don't worry too much about costs. New York needn't be an expensive place to visit, if you're willing to cut a few corners. Let's consider some of the ways in which you'll spend your money, and what you'll get for it, and some of the ways you'll spend your time. Volumes, of course, have been

written about practically every phase of New York, and so a brief article which attempts to deal with even a few aspects of it may be little more than a pretty sketchy summing up. But we've tried to dig up a few facts to guide you, and if you want fuller information, you can get it from us. We have to do it as well as we can, to the best of our ability.

First of all, you'll be confronted with the question of where you are going to stay, unless you have friends here who possess that rarity in New York—a guest room. There is, naturally, a wide range in the cost of rooms at the hotels. The Astor-Astor and others in the fashionable group (such as the St. Regis, the Plaza, and the Savoy-Plaza) cost practically double what you

rooms with twin beds are usually slightly higher.

The next group in the price scale are the smaller, family-type hotels, most of them on side streets but many of them conveniently located. These are an almost unlimited number, and the size, the government factor in making rates reflected mainly in the location you prefer and the price you want to pay. They aren't quite so up-to-date as the larger hotels, but it isn't difficult to find one which is clean and comfortable, and in the older ones the rooms are spacious. The minimum-pricing system in most of them does not have adjoining baths, but the majority have running water. If you select one which is fairly far uptown, the price may be slightly

higher than in mid-Manhattan, but it is to be considered, as it usually is in New York, that you prefer to be in the heart of things and not have to waste precious minutes in traveling back and forth.

And you can save a little carfare, too.

A great advantage to this group of hotels, if you plan to stay a week or more, is that they offer standard weekly rates, which most of the larger hotels do not.

If you intend to remain a month or more, you might save money and be more com-

fortable in a furnished room. This is a good place to look—mainly because many people there make a business of renting furnished rooms. It is possible in this neighborhood to find a room for as low as \$4 a week. These are sometimes pretty small and dark, but often they offer kitchen privileges, which means that you and others in the apartment share the right to keep your meal in the kitchen and to put your saucepan on the burners of the gas stove.

you want, the Columbia University neighborhood is a good place to look—mainly because the students and faculty have drawn many people there to make a business of renting furnished rooms. It is possible in this neighborhood to find a room for as low as \$4 a week. These are sometimes pretty small and dark, but often they offer kitchen privileges, which means that you and others in the apartment share the right to keep your meal in the kitchen and to put your saucepan on the burners of the gas stove.

carry many advertisements which you may find helpful. If our list doesn't give you the information you want, let us know and we'll do our best to help you.

	Single Double	Single Double	Weekly
Waldorf-Astoria New York (40th & 5th)	\$2.00	\$18.00	—
New York (40th & 5th) 16th Ave., at 50th	3.50	3.00	—
Park Plaza (42nd Ave. at 33rd—opposite Metropolitan Station)	3.50	3.00	—
St. Moritz (71st Ave., at 90th)	3.50	5.00	over 4 days return by mail

Empire (42nd at Grand Central Ter.)	3.50	5.00	—
Lorraine (8th Ave., at Lexington Avenue—Central Park, at 46th)	3.50	4.00	—
Park Plaza (42nd at 55th)	3.50	5.00	—
Empire (42nd at Grand Central Ter.)	3.50	5.00	—
Albert (University of 10th—near Plaza West End Ave., at Lexington Avenue— Shopping Street)	2.50	3.50	7.00 14.00
Herald Square (Broadway—between Broadway and 34th Street—several addresses)	1.50	2.00	7.50 10.00
Broadway (Broadway— between 34th and 35th Streets)	2.50	3.50	7.00 11.00

\* with moving room

Albert (University  
of 10th—near Plaza  
West End Ave., at  
Lexington Avenue—  
Shopping Street)

Herald Square  
(Broadway—between Broadway  
and 34th Street—several addresses)

Broadway (Broadway—  
between 34th and 35th Streets)

2.50 3.50 7.00 14.00

1.50 2.00 7.50 10.00

2.50 3.50 7.00 11.00

2.50 3.50 7.00 14.00

If you drive to New York, you'll wonder about the cost of parking your automobile. That depends a lot on where you park it. Midtown garages charge from \$5 to \$10 a week for live storage, but if you go above 75th a night up, the various branches of the Y.M.C.A. offer dormitory girls and women for \$5. The telephone directory will give you the addresses. (We'll say now, as we shall have occasion to say again, that you'll find this volume endlessly helpful. Don't worry much about actual addresses until you get home. They're in the good book and you won't be able to find them again.)

The following list is intended to give a general idea of the minimum prices of accommodations in the different types of hotels for the benefit of those who want a little assistance. We have not attempted to list such places as the numerous single room arrangements for a visitor. You're likely to spend many a weary hour hunting for what you want, particularly if you're unfamiliar with the city, and for a short stay a hotel offers more convenience and less responsibility.

THE foregoing also applies to furnished rooms, but if a furnished room is what

settled in your town, with your car safely parked. For the time being you're a New Yorker and all set to see the sights. Don't be afraid to ask for a garage, but don't expect to pay for it. It won't be for long, anyway. And we predict that if you do have occasion to ask your way from strangers, you won't find the people here so cold and impudent as they are reported to be. (Though you may find them amazingly ignorant about their town!) Unless one ventures into the fastnesses of lower New York (or invades

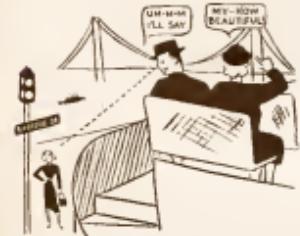
the Bronx and Brooklyn, in which even native New Yorkers—though some people insist there is no such animal—become hopelessly confused), it is not difficult to find one's way about.

The principal thing to remember in order to get your bearings is that the numbered streets run east and west and the avenues run north and south. Fifth Avenue is the dividing line between the East and West Sides of the city. A booklet which you'll find exceedingly useful as a companion on your self-conducted tour is the little red *Standard Guide to the Streets of New York*, obtainable for a dime at newsstands and five-and-dime stores. It gives the approximate location in Manhattan and the Bronx of numbers on each street and avenue in relation to other streets and avenues which are near it, and it tells the transit lines which are nearest. It also supplies similar information about various public buildings, parks, steamship lines, and so on. Altogether, a handy little volume to have with you.

We shan't attempt to go into a discussion of traffic rules in New York. If you plan to do much driving in town, we suggest that you apply at a police station for their booklet on traffic regulations. However, our advice would be not to drive, if you are shopping, going to the theater, or sightseeing in Manhattan. You'll waste a lot of time finding a place to park, and even then you'll probably have to walk blocks to get to your final destination. You'll probably be surprised to see how little New Yorkers use their cars in the city itself.

We also feel that it would be confusing even to attempt to explain the various transit lines. You can find out what you need to know about them, a little at a time, after you get here. The little guidebook we have mentioned gives information on them, and the telephone *Red Book* (the classified directory, another useful volume) has maps of all the subway lines in the front of the book. And you can always ask questions.

Trolleys in New York are rapidly passing out of the picture, with bus lines replacing them, so if you don't want to venture underground into the subway at first, perhaps you won't have to. Practically all cross-town traffic is by trolley or bus, with lines spaced about eight short blocks apart throughout Manhattan. Taxi rates are reasonable—20¢ to start the cab and 5¢ for each



quarter mile thereafter. It doesn't matter how many passengers there are—the meter reads the same.

Our idea of a pretty good way to start your sightseeing program—or for that matter, a good idea almost any time—is to ride on top of a Fifth Avenue bus from Washington Square up Fifth Avenue and on up

Riverside Drive as far as the bus goes. This offers a glimpse of a long cross-section of the city and a splendid view of the Hudson, Grant's Tomb, and the George Washington Bridge. We recommend this bus ride as the starting point in sightseeing because it gives a newcomer a general idea of the layout of the city as well as the location of some of the places he will want to inspect at length later on.

An even more comprehensive idea of the city may be had, of course, by taking one of the conducted sightseeing tours. The telephone *Red Book* (look under "Sightseeing") lists several concerns operating these and providing guides. During the summer you can start at nine o'clock in the morning on an all-day tour of the city, covering a fairly complete range. The total cost, including lunch, is \$6.50. On one of these tours you have a look at many places you want to see, but on which you don't want to spend much time. Shorter tours cover Harlem, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, and other sections at prices ranging from 75¢ up.

### YOU MAY WANT TO EAT

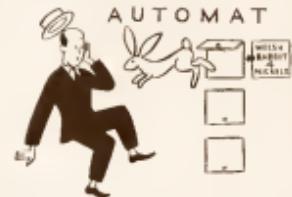
**S**O much for your introductory glimpse. And now, before we become further involved in the sightseeing question, we'd better give a thought to that delightful necessity—eating. This shouldn't be a problem. The difficulty is usually not so much in knowing where to go as which restaurant to choose, for, on the average, there must be an eating place of some sort on every block in Manhattan, and possibly more than that. Feeding New York's millions is indeed a major occupation. The number of people in restaurants and lunchrooms at almost any hour of the day or night makes one convinced that New Yorkers eat all the time.

Breakfast, of course, is easy. If you're satisfied with a cup of coffee and toast or a doughnut, you can breakfast for a dime or 15¢ in many drugstores and coffee shops. Whatever the neighborhood you've settled in, you should find a convenient place nearby. Exploration of the neighborhood will no doubt bring to light plenty of handy places to eat, but for luncheon and dinner you won't want to be limited to these, with all the gustatory adventures which are possible.

(To avoid frantic cogitation when mealtime approaches, we suggest that you get a little booklet called "Going Places" by Art Arthur of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. You can get a copy free by writing to the *Eagle*. It lists practically every worthwhile eating place in and near the city, with remarks about the prices and the type of place each is. The weekly magazines *Cue* and *The New Yorker* and the monthly *Stage* will also be found helpful.)

The number of foreign restaurants here is striking proof that New York is truly a cosmopolitan city, and unless you hold out for real American food, we strongly urge that you try a few of them. At most of them you can get some fairly recognizable American dishes if you are hesitant about trying unfamiliar concoctions, and at least you can enjoy the unusual surroundings. The city abounds in excellent Italian restaurants, and most of them are fairly inexpensive. We also especially recommend some of the Swedish ones. The feature of these is the table of *smorgasbord* (Swedish hors d'oeuvres) and from its lavish variety you select your

opening course. The amount you may choose is limited only by your own capacity (and perhaps your sense of embarrassment). And do be a typical New Yorker and try one of the Automats, the restaurants where you get your food by putting nickels into slots. They are located all over town—you can look them up in the telephone directory. The food is



good, and dinner, even for a hearty eater, shouldn't cost more than 75¢. The Automats are particularly noted for their coffee and hot chocolate, and we'll wager that Junior won't be the only one who is thrilled to drop a coin in the slot and have the food pop out from behind a glass door.

As for costs, many places obligingly paste a menu in the window, and if you're in doubt as to prices, you can always telephone—or don't be afraid to ask when you go in. Of course, if the weather is bad or if your feet and imagination have given out, there's always your hotel. The larger ones usually have several dining rooms with varying ranges of prices and corresponding grades of elegance. We're not giving a list of restaurants because we feel that you can get more complete and up-to-date information on prices and entertainment at the unusual eating places from *Cue*, *The New Yorker*, *Stage*, and the *New York Sun* after you land here.

### —AND EAT SOME MORE

**M**ANY people enjoy an afternoon cup of tea but find little time for it in the course of the day's duties. Vacationtime offers the opportunity to gratify this taste, and the stress of sightseeing the excuse. And if you have a long list of eating places to cover, between-meal refreshments will enable you to visit some of them. Except for the tearooms which serve luncheon and dinner only during certain specified hours, it is possible at most places to get tea—or a cool drink, if the weather makes that seem more appealing—almost any hour of the day. For several summers New York has been enlivening Paris more and more in its sidewalk cafes, and we think that you might find them entertaining places for a refreshing pause during the afternoon or evening. They are not the coolest, and certainly not the quietest, places in town, but the panorama of the passing crowds is likely to be entertaining. There are several close together on lower Fifth Avenue (not far from the Washington Arch), there is the *Cafe de la Paix* at the St. Moritz Hotel, and no doubt you'll come across others in your ramblings. The Chatham and Park Lane hotels have garden restaurants which are open all day and in the evening. Other places, like the Astor and some of Longchamps restaurants, roll up the windows and go open-in from summer. And

near the Zoo in Central Park you can cool off with a relaxing sip at an umbrella-shaded table. Or you may prefer the Tavern-on-the-Green, on the other side of Central Park, where you can sit outdoors and have tea, drinks, or a meal.

We hope we've proved that you don't need to go hungry, and perhaps we shouldn't

meal in one of the restaurants in Radio City, and no doubt you'll enjoy just prowling about and discovering things for yourself. Little shops of all descriptions abound, and the souvenir hunters will delight in them. The Music Hall, largest theatre in the world, with its ballet and renowned Rockettes ensemble, is, of course, one of the chief attractions, and we shall have more to say about it when we go into the subject of movies. But we'll say now—and later, too—don't miss it! In fact, our advice would be to set aside plenty of time for Radio City, for we're willing to bet you'll find much there to entertain you.

### AND THEN THERE'S THE DRAYMA

**P**ERHAPS one of the principal things which pop into people's heads when New York is mentioned are the theatres. There are fewer shows in summer than in winter, of course, but if a play is included on your must list, you will undoubtedly find at least one which appeals to you. Real theatre fans usually know in advance which plays they want to see, so on arrival it's largely a matter of checking matinee days, location, and curtain times in the theatre advertisements. The theatre and Broadway were once almost synonymous, but actually there are few legitimate theatres any longer on Broadway—most of them having moved to the side streets, which in themselves are littleBroadways. The scale for plays usually runs from \$3.30 or \$2.75 at night for orchestra seats and the seats in the first few rows of the balcony, to \$1.10 for other balcony seats. Matinee prices generally are from \$2.75 or \$2.20 to \$5c. Musical shows cost from \$4.40 to \$1.10 as a rule. Prices in some theatres are often higher on Saturdays and holidays. Matinee days are Wednesdays or Thursdays and Saturdays. Gray's Dragoons at Broadway and 43rd Street has a cut-rate ticket agency in the basement, but you can seldom get seats for hits there.

The Music Hall in Radio City is definitely something to see, as we said before, not only for the gorgeous stage shows but for the building itself. The other large movie houses, such as the Roxy, the Paramount, and the Capitol, are familiar by name to almost everybody and easily located through their advertisements. Prices at the motion picture houses are cheapest before one o'clock in the afternoon, and a reduced admission charge is usually in effect for midnight performances. At the Music Hall the admission is 40c before one o'clock, 60c until six o'clock, and 88c thereafter. (Reserved seats cost more.) But movies in New York are the same as they are anywhere else, and the chances are that you may have already seen some of the pictures which are showing. New York is often behind other parts of the country in showing new films.

No discussion of where to go to see a show in New York would be complete without a mention of the radio broadcasts. The National Broadcasting Company puts on most of its shows in its studio in Radio City. The Columbia Broadcasting System uses several theatres in the center of town. WOR, WMCA, and other stations have audiences at some shows, but the two big broadcasting companies accommodate the largest crowds. Broadcast admission tickets, however, *cannot be purchased!* That is the first and most important fact to remember. Either you ob-

tain your tickets gratis, or you don't see a big broadcast. If you happen to know someone high in radio circles, tickets can usually be obtained for the average commercial broadcast, but not a dozen people in New York get passes for the highly popular ones, once the ticket distribution has been made. (And we're not one of the few who can!) Broadcast tickets should be requested in advance of your visit to the city. Write the sponsor or the radio station and give the exact dates of your visit. Naturally, if you have friends connected with the company sponsoring the broadcast or with the advertising agency handling the account, radio tickets are much more easily obtained. But even without personal connections and without friends in radio, either national network will make every effort to secure passes for small parties, provided the request is made far enough in advance and some latitude is allowed in the matter of what shows you wish to see. With so many programs emanating from Hollywood, there are, of course, fewer to see in New York than previously, and the summer session cuts down the number of big programs on the air. But you should be able to find something available which is to your liking.

### AND OH, YES—THE NIGHT CLUBS

**A** GREAT many people wouldn't feel that a visit to New York was complete without at least one glimpse of the night life. The number of places offering late-evening dancing and entertainment is considerably smaller in summer than in winter, but that needn't bother you. There are still plenty of spots to visit, and anyway, some of the ones which flourish in the winter would be too small for comfort in hot weather. In the old speakeasy days, visitors often returned from a New York stay with fear-inspiring tales of having received \$50 checks. Prices aren't so high as in that departed era and, what's more, visitors aren't so likely to wander into dubious places. There are, certainly, fewer clip joints (places of entertainment operated by unscrupulous proprietors) than there were in speakeasy days, but it is still just as well to be on guard against being overcharged in any night club. Some still try to run the bills up on everybody—natives and out-of-towners alike—so it's always a good plan to add your check.



If there are any items on it which you don't remember, it's a sign of intelligence—not provincialism—to ask for an explanation. And if you are not satisfied with the explanation you get, don't pay the check until you get an explanation that makes sense to you. Places like the Rainbow Room, the Rainbow Grill, and cafes in the largest hotels are

wait any longer without a mention of one feature of New York which no one can overlook—the skyscrapers. The tower of the Woolworth Building offers an excellent view of the city from downtown, and the price is 55c for adults, 25c for children. The tower of 60 Wall Street, an even higher building, charges 40c (children half price). Admission to the Chrysler Building observation tower is 55c for adults, 25c for children. All these are open from nine to six. But the real heights from which to view the city, we think, are the tower of the Empire State Building and the observation roof of the RCA Building in Radio City. Admission to the former is \$1.10, and it's open till one o'clock in the morning. There's an excellent soda fountain and bar in the tower, and it's novel to eat at such an elevation. Try to choose a clear day, for the visibility naturally makes a great difference in the view. And we especially recommend the view at night, with lights of the city and outlying districts gleaming as far as the eye can reach.

The roof on the RCA Building isn't so large or so high as the Empire State's, but it is not enclosed, and many people feel that viewing the city from an uncovered roof gives them a greater sense of height. The admission is only 40c (and we think that, everything considered, you get more for your money there than at the Empire State).

Now that we're at the very peak of Radio City, the Mecca of most visitors, and deservedly so, we might as well pause and consider the whole project. The roof, of course, is only a small part of what one should see. To be sure not to miss the high spots—and we're not talking about the roof now—we advise some of the conducted tours through Radio City. The main tour, costing \$1.00, takes you through the buildings and ends with a whirling ride, on what is said to be the world's fastest elevator, to the observation roof. There's also a 55c tour of the NBC Studios, which, however, does not include attendance at a broadcast (though you may get a quick peek at one). There are always interesting exhibitions being held in the various buildings, and the number of fascinating attractions is almost incredible. The sky gardens (admission 50c) are worth seeing, as is the Museum of Arts and Sciences (admission 25c). We suggest you have a

# MAN ALIVE!

by  
Seven  
o'clock



## CANTERBURY TEA melts away the day's fatigue

Say! there's nothing like it,  
piping hot and husky! It  
keeps vitality! Men like its  
fresh, hearty flavor... well-  
come it at meals.

Canterbury is one of the  
world's choicest teas, yet  
it's thirsty enough to serve  
often. Costs you less than  
half-a-penny a cup. For  
economy... and best results  
... always get Canterbury.

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# Canterbury TEA

pretty sure to be honest (although they may be expensive), but there are still plenty of tips joints left.

It is possible now to make a fair estimate of what you will spend at a night club, unless the members of your party have unpredictable appetites! But don't be misled by signs that say No Cover Charge at Any Time. There's usually a minimum charge lurking somewhere on the menu. The minimum charge, however, at least makes you feel that you are getting something for your money. The cover charge, which is still found in some of the swankier places and those restaurants with "name" orchestras, is a flat tax of so-and-so much per person, which you pay whether or not you order a crumb (though you get black looks from the waiter if you don't). The Rainbow Room has a cover charge of \$1.50 after ten o'clock on week nights and \$2.50 on Saturdays, while the Rainbow Grill, which is less elaborate, has a cover charge of 50¢ on week nights and \$1 on Saturdays.

A minimum charge means that each person is charged so much for food and drink, whether he orders it or not, and that anything over that is charged at the regular rates. So if the minimum is \$1, for instance, a party of four may have \$4 worth of refreshments and leave with a \$4 check. The best places rarely have a base charge higher than \$2. On week nights the average minimum at most of the fancy places is \$1.50; at the smaller spots it is less. The doorman will tell you what the minimum or cover charge is, or the ever-useful telephone (any time after noon) will find someone in the place in which you're interested who will enlighten you. *The New Yorker*, *Stage*, and *Cue* magazines will again be found extremely useful guides in giving you suggestions as to where to go.

Our recommendation for summer nights is the hotel roofs and the outdoor places. The night clubs are going in for air conditioning, however, so that they are no longer as sweltering on hot nights as they once were. Formal evening clothes—and this especially applies to men—are obligatory in only a few places during the hot weather, though they may be worn if desired.

Harlem isn't so popular as it once was, but perhaps some of you will want to see it. The Greenwich Village night clubs, generally less expensive than those farther uptown, always attract crowds. Some of the big, flashy Broadway spots, like the Cotton Club (transplanted from Harlem), aren't open in summer.

We know that the music lovers among you will be able to hunt out what's going on in the musical life in town, so we shan't go into that. Summer's not the best season for music here, anyway. We'll content ourselves with reminding you that the band concerts in the Mall in Central Park and the symphony concert at the Lewisohn Stadium (Amsterdam Avenue at 127th Street) are worth attending.

If you're interested in museums, you'll no doubt know in advance which of them you wish to visit. The *Standard Guide* and the telephone *Red Book* (sorry to keep harping on them, but they're really useful) will tell you where they are. Most of the museums are free, but some, like the Metropolitan, charge admission on certain days. Here are a few for your guidance:

### Aquarium (Battery Park)

Frank Collection (1 E. 75th Street)  
Metropolitan Museum of Art (Fifth Avenue at  
82nd Street)  
American Museum of Natural History (Columbus  
Avenue at 77th Street)  
Museum of the City of New York (Fifth Avenue  
at 103rd Street)

If you visit the Aquarium, you'll be right at the place to board a boat to go to the Statue of Liberty or Ellis Island (a pass for the latter should be obtained at the Barge Office), or you might enjoy a ferryboat ride to Staten Island. It's a cool, pleasant five-cent ride, and gives you an excellent view of the skyline and the harbor. We especially recommend it on warm nights. The ferries to New Jersey offer a fine opportunity also, if you want to stand off and inspect the town of which you're a temporary inhabitant. And New York Harbor is interesting—so interesting that sometimes it seems a pity that the main approach from the Jersey side is through the tunnels under the Hudson. Our advice is: Don't miss the river, with its stream of big liners and all the other harbor craft, unless you're pressed for time. New York is our biggest port, and that is an aspect of the city's bustling activity which shouldn't be overlooked.

The sailing of a transatlantic liner—particularly a midnight sailing—is a thrilling event and well worth seeing, even if you don't know a soul aboard and even if you do suffer pangs of envy for the lucky passengers. It's also a fine chance to inspect some of the big liners. The newspapers tell the location of the ships and their ports. Or if you want to visit a ship before the time of sailing, a telephone call to the offices of the line will give you information as to visiting hours. For all big ships there is an admission charge of 10¢, which goes to seamen's charities. Meeting incoming liners is somewhat more difficult, for, if you want to get on the pier, you must obtain a pass at the Custom House a day or two in advance of the ship's arrival.

Before we get too far away from the Battery, we suggest another good trip which leaves from there, and that's the boat ride around Manhattan, costing \$1.50. It takes you around the end of Manhattan, up the East River, through the Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil, and down the Hudson. It's about the only time you'll be conscious of the fact that Manhattan is actually an island.

WELL, having only just got you settled in New York, now we're suggesting that you leave it—but only for a little while. Really, though, while you're here, a trip to West Point can easily be made in a day on one of the Hudson River Day Line boats. Or if you don't want to go that far, the trip by boat or auto to Bear Mountain Park—not New York City, to be sure, but one of its principal playgrounds—is beautiful.

And don't forget—as if you would—that New York is on the ocean. Here's a chance for those who live inland to get a dip in the surf. Famous Coney Island is one of the nation's great carnival grounds, with bathing on the beach, wheel chairs on the boardwalk, shore dinners, side shows, and foolishness galore. You can get there on the subway for a nickel, and once you arrive, we leave you to your own devices. Rockaway and the other beaches which line the southern shore of Long Island aren't quite so accessible. Our advice would be not to choose Saturday or Sunday for your gambols on the sand, for

that's when New York's millions gather in swarms for their sun and air. At Coney Island, especially, you might doubt if there really is any beach, for you won't see much of it after the bathers and picnickers have taken possession. Transportation during the week is much more comfortable, also.

In the matter of beaches, however, New York's pride is Jones Beach, near Wantagh, Long Island—which is really too far away for me to feel proprietary about it, and anyway, it's a State, not a city. Jones Beach completely dwarfs Coney Island and the other more accessible beaches, and the air and water are free from any possible city taint. You'll find tremendous parking spaces, boardwalks (minus noisy side shows), pools, restaurants, commodious bathhouses, and—best of all—the vast expanse of ocean and sand as nearly unspecked as possible. Last year, operas were given on a floating stage in the bay, but whether that will be repeated this year is still undecided. Any hotel clerk can tell you how to get to Jones Beach. If you want to drive (it's only a short trip now that the new Triborough Bridge is in use) you can follow the numerous signs. (Incidentally, if you drive out, you go right past the site of the 1939 New York World's Fair, and you'll get a good view of the buildings.) Or you can get a bus or a Long Island Railroad train at special excursion rates. Jones Beach is too large to suffer as much as Coney Island from the onslaught of Sunday hordes, but still we say, go on a weekday if you can.

IT seems a little like playing up to the men to have waited so long before mentioning something which looms large in women's minds when New York is mentioned—the stores. Maybe you'll pick up your souvenirs at some of the small shops you run across, but we venture to say that most women—and lots of men, too—would feel that their trip fell short if they didn't at least have a look at some of the big stores. Luckily, most of the large ones are located fairly close together, so if a look is all you want, it shouldn't take too much time. The farther uptown in the shopping center you go, the higher the prices. Many of the most exclusive—and expensive—dress shops are on West 57th Street. As for the others, the obliging newspapers give the locations in their advertisements. For your guidance, here are a few of the more important department stores and specialty shops.

*Macy's (Broadway at 34th Street). Everything under the sun—almost. Strictly cash.*  
*Cordwainer's (Broadway at 34th Street)*  
*Alwyn's (57th Avenue at 20th Street)*  
*Lord & Taylor's (Fifth Avenue at 39th Street)*  
*Saks-Fifth Avenue (Fifth Avenue at 48th Street)*  
*Bernett's (Fifth Avenue at 56th Street)*  
*Wissner's (Broadway at 58th Street)*

But we don't need to go further into this. Women will know where to find them.

Churches, too, may draw the visitor, and here again many of you will know in advance which ones you want to attend or just inspect. The complete list would be so long that we'll mention just a few.

*Trinity (Broadway at Wall Street)*  
*Little Church Around the Corner (real name—Church of the Transfiguration (20th Street east of St. Patrick's Cathedral at 30th Street))*  
*Cathedral of St. John the Divine (Amsterdam Avenue at 110th Street)*  
*Riverside Church (Riverside Drive at 122nd Street)*

New York's foreign population is evidenced by the number of its foreign churches.  
(Please turn to page 21)

## THE WIT OF THE WORLD

Mose: Rastus say Pahson Brown done kotch him in Fahmer Smith's chicken coop.

Zeke: Boy! Don' Rastus feel 'shamed?

Mose: No, suh. De pahson am de one who feel 'shamed. He can't 'splain how he done kotch Rastus dar!

—*Humorist*

"Mary, what's the reason for those cobwebs on the ceiling?"

"I don't know—unless there are spiders in the house." —*Mule*

A violinist entered a music shop in London.

"I want an E-string, if you please," he said to the clerk.

Nervously producing a box, the new clerk said, "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know, I 'ardly can tell the 'e's from the she's."

—*Sun Dial*

The family doctor, while on a vacation, entrusted his practice to his son, who had just completed his internship. On the father's return home, the young man told him with great satisfaction how he had cured Miss Blank, an elderly and wealthy patient, of her chronic indigestion.

"Congratulations, my boy," said the old doctor, "but that case of indigestion is what put you through college!" —*Log*

Barber: What's the matter? Isn't the razor taking hold?

Victim: It's taking hold all right, but it isn't letting go again. —*Everybody's*

A man bought a canary from an animal dealer.

"You're sure this bird can sing?" he said suspiciously.

"He's a grand singer."

The customer left. A week later he reappeared.

"Say! This bird you sold me is lame!"

"Well, what did you want—a singer or a dancer?" —*Rum*

Officer: Imagine that you are on sentry duty. Somebody comes up behind you and takes hold of you so that your rifle is useless. What would you do?

Recruit: I'd say, "Let go, Mary, I'm on sentry duty!" —*Pointer*

"Remember, my boy," said the elderly relative sententiously, "that wealth does not bring happiness."

"I don't expect it to," answered the young man. "I merely want it so that I may be able to choose the kind of misery that is most agreeable to me."

—*Wasp*

Even a CHILD can use o Kerr Mason Cop. No rubbers to put on hot jars; no wrenches to tighten caps; no burned fingers; no spoilage. The Kerr Mason Cop is "Self-Sealing"—it seals as it cools. Buy 3 or 4 doz. Kerr Mason Cops, —they fit all Mason Jars. You too will say with the other women, "Kerr Jars & Cops ARE best."



Kerr Mason Jar Co.  
171 Title Insurance Bldg  
Los Angeles, Calif.

★ "10 Lesson Canning Course"  
"Guide to Home Canning"  
"Strawberries—won't frost recipe" □

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Schilling

FOR  
*Added Zest*

Schilling Pepper gives you the zing in fine flavor and strength. It brings out the delicious flavors in meats, vegetables and sauces—adds zest to any meal. Remember, Schilling Spices have been the standard of comparison for 57 years!

**Pepper**  
BLACK  
Schilling  
2 ounces

20 SPICES—10 EXTRACTS

# THE NEW FILMS

## "FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox  
Directed by John Ford

**CAST**—Loretta Young, Richard Greene, George Sanders, David Niven, C. Aubrey Smith, J. Edward Bromberg, William Henry, John Carradine, Alan Hale, Reginald Denny, Berton Churchill, Barry Fitzgerald.

**SITUATION**—C. Aubrey Smith, British army officer stationed in India, is dishonorably discharged from the service, accused of having been a party to the sale of ammunition to the natives. His four motherless sons—Richard Greene, George Sanders, David Niven, and William Henry—come to his aid, but before they have been together one night, the father is mysteriously murdered. The sons swear to avenge his death and to clear his name. The quest for evidence takes two sons to India, and the other two to a country in South America which is about to have a revolution agitated by rebel leader J. Edward Bromberg. Loretta Young, society debutante in pursuit of Richard Greene's affections, has followed him from the British Embassy in Washington to his manor house in England. Now she confronts him in South America. In loyalty to his mission, Greene is about to elude her again, but when he learns she can help him to reach Reginald Denny, the man he has come to South America to trap, his attitude changes. Greene and his brother join the Denny party on a mysterious yacht trip. They dock at a port in which a horrible revolution breaks out. During the heat of the revolt, Greene discovers that Denny and Alan Hale have not only sold the same brand of gun to the revolutionists, but are also responsible for his father's shame and murder. At the same time Greene discovers that Loretta Young's father, pompous Berton Churchill, is the manufacturer of these deadly arms. He believes that she has been deceiving him, and is convinced of it when he hears that she has fled the country. Loretta, as much surprised as Greene to learn the identity of the mysterious munitions maker, flies to her father in Alexandria, and the four brothers follow her. She takes them to her father and through him they obtain the evidence which clears their father's name—leaving Greene free at last to express his love for globe-trotting Loretta Young. And are we dizzy after trying to get all that straight!

**COMMENT**—Undoubtedly this picture will be still another feather in Darryl Zanuck's cap, but I dread to think what a hodgepodge of wild melodrama it might have turned out to be in less brilliant directorial hands. John

Ford makes it plausible—almost believable. It holds interest from the opening shot of a military trial to a concluding love scene between Loretta Young and Richard Greene, a young English actor who makes a promising Hollywood debut. A well paced script gives it staccato rhythm and fast moving action.

The dramatic highlight comes in the revolution sequence in which a large group of men, women, and children is mowed down on a staircase by machine guns fired by soldiers. It is bloodcurdling in its stark realism, and again illustrates Director Ford's genius for macabre effects.

It's a man's story from beginning to end, allowing Loretta Young little opportunity to be anything more than decorative and to wear some stunning clothes. David Niven gives an even better account of himself than he did in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." George Sanders once more demonstrates his right to all the choice parts Mr. Zanuck can throw his way. Handsome William Henry is, however, the surprise of the picture, in my opinion. Although under contract to Metro for the past several years, he has previously given no indication of any unusual talent. But Ford seems to have brought out a new charm and acting ability which should establish Henry as one of the most popular juveniles of the screen. Reginald Denny, playing a straight part for the first time (and a villain at that), does okay, and John Carradine and Barry Fitzgerald, playing little more than bits, contribute to the general excellence of the production.

**OPINION**—Not so good as "The Informer," but still one of John Ford's best pictures.



In "Doctor Rhythm," Bing Crosby detaches a car from a "horseshoe" train. The amusement park to the left is the multi-tiered building in the background when he hangs up the crown for Mary Carlisle. (Left) Beatrice Lillie doesn't want to hear one more about the "double dozen double entendre" game, especially when Bing Crosby is delivering her at the policeman's benefit. Laurel Hope Crews finds herself right in the middle of the cross fire between Bea and Frost.

## "DOCTOR RHYTHM"

Produced by Paramount  
Directed by Frank Tuttle

**CAST**—Bing Crosby, Mary Carlisle, Beatrice Lillie, Andy Devine, Rufe Davis, Laurel Hope Crews, Fred Keating, John Hamilton, Sterling Holloway, Henry Wadsworth, Franklin Pangborn, William Austin, Louis Armstrong.

**SITUATION**—Bing Crosby, a prominent physician, finds himself in the predicament of

having to masquerade as a New York policeman in order to substitute on an important assignment for his friend, patrolman Andy Devine, who is incapacitated as the result of a bungle he has been on with Crosby. Bing finds that his bluff has become rather a pleasure when he learns that he is to be the bodyguard of pretty Mary Carlisle, whose wealthy aunt, Beatrice Lillie, is afraid Mary may elope with Fred Keating, a fortune hunter.

**COMMENT**—O. Henry can now join that long list of dear departed authors who turn over in their graves every time Hollywood puts one of their stories on the screen. In fact, O. Henry might even do a somersault. In this screen translation of his famous short story "The Badge of Policeman O'Roe," it becomes a musical! Nevertheless, it is a jolly, nonsensical Crosby vehicle which entertains throughout.

Among the outstanding episodes is a night frolic in the Central Park Zoo, a police show, and a priceless sketch in which Beatrice Lillie tries to order "a double dozen double damask dinner napkins" from salesmen Pangborn and Austin, with hilarious results. The picture affords the king crooner a more romantic role than he has had in some time, and he gets several chances to sing to Mary Carlisle, who for the second time is his leading lady. Miss Carlisle with each picture seems to me to grow in appearance more amazingly like the Mary Pickford of the silent movies. See if you, too, notice a resemblance. Beatrice Lillie returns to the screen after an inconspicuous debut in an MGM picture years ago. She fares better this time, but her inimitable gift for nonstop parody does not register so well on celluloid as behind the footlights. Two songs, "On the Sentimental Side" and "My Heart Is Taking Lessons" will soon, I predict, be hummed by everybody.

**OPINION**—One of Crosby's best.

## "WIDE OPEN FACES"

Produced by Columbia  
Directed by Kurt Neumann

**CAST**—Joe E. Brown, Jane Wyman, Alison Skipworth, Lydia Roberti, Alan Baxter, Lucien Littlefield, Sidney Toler, Berton Churchill, Barbara Pepper.

**SITUATION**—Joe E. Brown, a small-town soda jerker, gets mixed up in the capture of a widely sought bank robber, and overnight finds himself the innocent bystander who becomes the center of notoriety. As a result of the publicity, a flock of curious tourists swarm to the town, particularly to the hitherto deserted hotel which had been the objective of the robber. The bad man has supposedly hidden his ill-gotten loot somewhere in the hotel, which brings every gangster who has ever known him to the hotel in hopes of finding the loot. Needless to say, Joe rounds them all up singlehanded and gets the girl in the bargains.

**COMMENT**—A weakly constructed screen comedy which does not take advantage of the excellent basic idea, but instead resorts to laughs to sheer Sennett slapstick. Joe E. Brown goes through his usual antics. What honors there are for other members of the cast are pretty evenly divided between Jane Wyman, Alison Skipworth, Alan Baxter, and the late Lydia Roberti.

**OPINION**—Joe E. Brown needs a really good picture.



## WHAT PRICE NEW YORK?

(Continued from page 19)

and you might be interested in attending some of them, such as the Greek or Russian Orthodox churches, or the little French Eglise de Notre Dame on Morningside Drive, with its altar carved out of the living rock. Consult the telephone Red Book directory if you want to find the church of your denomination which is nearest you.

Sports fans can always find what they want to see and will no doubt know in advance what's going on. For those who are casually interested in sports, we will say only that there is a major league baseball game almost every day of summer at either the Yankee Stadium, the Polo Grounds, or Ebbets Field, and in September there are polo and tennis on Long Island. Do you mind if we say just once more that the magnates and newspapers will give particulars (a pretty easy way of shifting responsibility).

We'd prefer to pass quickly over the parks, for certainly New York has to yield the palm in that respect to many other cities. Central Park is the most famous, but there are many parks in other cities which far surpass it in beauty. Most of New York's parks are scanty patches of greenery for which the natives are grateful, but which don't belong in a discussion of sights to see. The Zoo in Bronx Park is worth a visit, and the Central Park Zoo is, too, although it is on a much smaller scale (but it's more convenient).

In concluding, we might mention a few places which don't fit into any special classification but which we believe are noteworthy: The Hayden Planetarium (admission 25¢) in the American Museum of Natural History; the Stock Exchange (but you have to have a pass from a member firm); the Triborough Bridge to Long Island and a preview of the World's Fair; the Holland and Lincoln tunnels to New Jersey (maybe you'll come that way); and the Cloisters in Fort Tryon Park, a branch of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

And if you have a car, we recommend that you drive along the West Side Express Highway which starts at the Holland Tunnel and goes (with the newly opened extension paralleling Riverside Drive from 72nd Street to beyond the George Washington Bridge) to Spuyten Duyvil. Part of the highway is elevated, and goes right along the North (Hudson) River past the piers where the largest ocean liners dock. There are almost always several of the big ships in port and you can get a good look at them from an unusual vantage point as you ride along in your car. From 72nd Street on, the highway is on ground level, going between Riverside Drive and the Hudson, and in places is right along the water's edge. A ride along the highway is particularly impressive, we think, just at sunset, with the various colors of light slanting over Manhattan from behind the Palisades and giving the river, the Riverside Drive apartment buildings, and the delicate span of the George Washington Bridge a shimmering, almost ethereal appearance of unreality.

\* \* \*

Come and see it—all. And please remember—don't hesitate to call on us if you think we can help you with any more information about where to go, what's there to see, and how much it costs.

## MIRACLE IN GREEN STREET

(Continued from page 9)

in drab and dismal similarity or in clashing colors and flashy styles. Neither shop wins down nor passers-by had been of much help to him, and, being one of those trusting souls who take New York at its columnists' value, he was shaken to the core. But behind this door lay an anchor, a harbor, a cyclone cellar—for the gilded letters upon it spelled PAUNCEFORTE.

"He'll see you now," announced a secretary, and the seeker after truth stepped happily forward. Here was an authority who would give him invaluable advice. Mr. Cappy was telling himself. Here—Pinkerton Cappy stumbled to a halt as a squat, bulbous person, whose appearance was not enhanced by his face, rose to meet him. This apparition was wearing a shirred-back suit of pool table green, a spiffed shirt, and a tie apparently designed from a swatch of wallpaper.

"Hi, Cappy!" came a husky welcome. "So you're the little guy writes me those flattering letters ever so often? Well, thanks, pal!"

"Just a moment," said Pinkerton slinkingly. "Are you Mr. Paunceforte?"

The apparition looked coy. "Yes and no," he grinned. "The real name is Maxie Slobodny, see, but that wouldn't go down so good with the customers, so I get me a publicity man, and he gets me a fancy moniker and a mess of guys with an fancy English accent. The answer is I'm making a million, and my customers even roll up their trousers when the papers say it's raining in London. Don't look so shocked, Cappy—just let me give you the facts on haberdashery and clothing life in little old N.Yawk."

"That's what I came for," muttered Mr. Cappy, "but—"

"But it rained you, huh? That's the small-town angle, Cappy, but you gotta outgrow it. Be big—like yours truly. Why, I can put over anything! Look—I've got 2,000 Norfolk sports jackets made up out of this stuff. It's a hideous color, Cappy, I'll admit—but the material was a bad guess by the manufacturer, and I bought it for nothing. It's maybe too horsey for business suits, but I says to myself that rummies who fall for sports jackets will take this one if Paunceforte sells 'em to. And I'll bet you I'll have orders for 5,000 coats—yellow, 's help me, like mustard—only we'll call it Jungle Sunset."

"But what about *stealing* your customers? Their—uh—good will and—"

"Yeah, but this isn't Main Street, Cappy. There's 10,000 people passing this corner every hour for nine hours a day, and if one sucker gets huffy with us, there's plenty more to take his place. Boy, am I mohibish—and am I successful? I like your looks, Cappy, or I wouldn't have opened up this way, but—only we'll call it Jungle Sunset."

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quiet dresser in the land. Before him lay the weapon with which he could scotch the mustard jackets and raspberry shirts and initiate a blue-arge era of sanity. Slightly dizzy from a sudden sense of power and the bewildering shudder of life in New York, Mr. Capps steadied himself before the mike. Then his voice broke into a triumphant shout, for here, indeed, was revenge.

"At Fauncefort's!" he said with gusto. "And by tomorrow he will be placing orders for thousands like it, I am sure, for he is the real dictator of fashion! P-A-U-N. . . ."

**M**R. CAPPS swung from Maple Avenue into Green Street and noted that it was still and shady, with cool, dark splashes of watered sidewalk which the sun had not yet reached. Green shutters, cream-colored stoops, daisies blooming from upper windows. Homelike and restful. As he let himself into the vestibule, some vagrant sense froze him to an attitude of alertness. Then his nostrils quivered with pleasure. The gratifying odor of browning sausages was drifting from the kitchen.

Mrs. Capps, wiping floury hands on a checkered apron, met him halfway through the living room and dispensed kisses with the slight frigidity common to women who have been surprised.

"But you're several days ahead of time!" she exclaimed. " Didn't—?"

"Of course I did! Er—you're early yourself, Mabel. Was everything all right?"

Mabel Capps gazed dreamily at him and then beyond to where the banked color of her flower beds lay blurred in the misted sunlight, and she realized that she was seeing nothing else. No shimmering mirage of Chicago, this blue and golden morning; because now there was no needless imagination to vex her tranquil mind. Because she knew! A little knowledge, thought Mabel Capps, could be a marvelous thing. Never again would there be a far horizon for her as long as the Green Streets of the world, peacefully real and secure, loomed as a background. She drew a long, quivering happy sigh and drew a little closer to her husband. "I had a wonderful revealing experience, Pinkerton," she said composedly.

"Same here," said Mr. Capps, "but it was pretty stuffy in New York, and I was worried about my asthma. It—it's good to be home again with you. Let's hear what happened in Chicago."

"Later on, Pinkerton, if you don't mind. We—we can tell each other everything this evening."

Something in his wife's gentle voice caused Mr. Capps to regard her with a new understanding, and he kissed her solemnly. Through the screen door came the perfumed warmth of Green Street, and Pinkerton was pleased to observe that the poplars were a slim filigree against the sky, and that the dancing light beneath held the same opalescent quality he had first noticed as a sentimental group. Green Street was lovely—it always would be—and somehow he was seeing it afresh. And as he steered Mrs. Capps toward the door, he wondered vaguely if that had been Uncle George's Machiavellian idea in the first place.

## THEY SIGN THEIR LIVES AWAY

(Continued from page 11)

cago's Century of Progress, he rarely ever had an opportunity to swing a baton. He just sat on a stool and signed his name hour after hour. An unending line of people waiting for his signature stretched from the door to the platform. And the only time he got a respite was the night Will Rogers came in—and the line promptly veered toward the famed comedian.

"How do you stand it?" Bernie asked

Rogers that night. "You've been doing it so long. Doesn't it worry you?"

"Yeah," drawled Rogers, "it sure is tough. But it'd worry me more if they didn't come!"

With that viewpoint prevailing, celebrities put up with a terrific amount of annoyance for fear of offending their public, and the moment one shows any normal resentment at the liberties taken by the public, he immediately becomes a high-hat or an unresisting heel. And even when people are polite in their autograph requests, it is still a chore to sign your name 500 times an evening day after day after day. Not only in books and on menus, photographs, and programs, but even on brassieres, shoulder straps, stockings, panties (removed for the occasion, to be sure!), or anything else the fan may think of. Not long ago Joan Crawford, driving across the desert after some work on location, was held up by some people in a car which was parked across the road. And what did they want? Joan's autograph!

And where did they want it?

They wanted her to write it in the dust which caked their weather-beaten sedan!

**T**HREE are times, such as this, when one signature is one too many. Bernie encountered an equally exasperating situation when he was playing at the Fox Theatre in Detroit. Being a rabid horse fan, Ben was spoiling to get out to the track at Windsor, Ontario. The trip to the track and back would normally require quite a little time, and Ben's shows were pretty close together, but the problem was finally solved when the race track people offered to stage a special "Ben Bernie Race" and have him, as the guest of honor, hustled to the track by a police escort.

The schedule was worked out to a nicely. The cars and the cops were ready in the alley by the theatre at the appointed hour, and the party was whizzed out to the track in jiff time. However, just as they breezed into the grandstand and started for the box, an elderly woman stepped up and grabbed Ben by the arm.

"Don't you remember me?" she asked sweetly. And even though he glibly assured her that he did, she went on to recall how one night at the Blue Ribbon Casino Ben had played several request tunes for her husband when they were celebrating their golden anniversary there. Ben, she said, had also given her husband his autograph and had been so nice to them. And on and on she went.

Bernie was on pins and needles trying to get to his box, yet hating to offend the woman's amiable feelings. As she chattered away the post bell sounded, the betting windows closed, the crowd roared, "They're off!" But the little old lady went right on with her memoirs and at last led up to the simple request for another signature on the quaint appeal that, having got one while her dear husband was alive, she now wanted another after his death!

By the time Ben had signed and torn himself away, the race was over. His convey promptly turned him around and rushed him back to the waiting cars, and they just made the theatre in time for the next performance.

**I**T'S all part of the game, to be sure. It's tough enough when fans offer albums to be inscribed with the celebrity's autograph,

but when they ask for John Hancock's on odd bits of paper, the situation goes beyond mere annoyance and into the realm of genuine risk. One prominent actress recently "autographed" a court summons for a supposed admirer. Every once in a while one of these signatures pops up on a phony check. In Boston the three Ritz Brothers discovered to their sorrow that all of those pretty pink slips they had signed for a flock of Harvard lads at the Ritz were the dinner checks of their unwelcome guests. And one popular showman's signature on a loose sheet of paper turned up months later as the pass which got a crazy woman right to the door of his room—with a bottle of acid in her handbag!

She had simply typed above his signature the invitation, "Drop in and see me any time, and I'll be glad to do what I can for you." And she decided to drop in after her twenty-four mat notes had remained unanswered.

Another thorn which goes with the rose of public favor is the panhandling tale which so often accompanies the request for an autograph. It's frequently the sad story of their little Junior who is a genius on the violin but who needs lessons. And could you advance \$800 to pay for his tuition until he has progressed far enough for you to get him a job?

A goodly proportion have mortgages to be raised, notes to be met, unemployed husbands who don't support them, and various urgent needs for immediate cash. And the exasperating thing about it is that nine times out of ten the requests aren't even made politely but rather as brusque demands.

Once in a while that stuff would be irksome enough. And as a steady diet, day in and day out—blah! Just to give you some idea of what it amounts to in volume, let me cite a record from the Chicago Fair. The officials decided to make a check of the attractions asked for by visitors who hired wheel chairs or rickshaws. On the biggest day of that survey, 180,000 people were clocked, and the question most frequently asked was, "Where is Ben Bernie playing?" And seven out of ten of all that army who trekked to the Circus wanted Ben to sign something!

**I**F you want a real picture of what these headliners are up against—and that applies more or less to everybody whose name is in lights—just imagine your doing that writing job week after week, with all the pushing and prodding and pummeling that goes with it, in addition to your regular job. Try one week of it with the wolves popping into your taxi, trailing you through hotel halls, trapping you in elevators, swarming around you while you eat, hammering on your bathroom door, and waking you up at four o'clock in the morning to deliver fake telegrams!

Let us picture ourselves in their place, and then maybe we'll understand what's behind this current effort both in New York and Hollywood to carb the nuisance. If the wolves themselves had a good stiff taste of it, maybe they'd be a little more considerate—but I doubt it. There probably always will be a nitwit fringe of the public who make themselves too insufferable for words. And since they can't annoy ordinary people without inviting a poke in the pass, they take out their cussedness on other humans whose names happen to be in lights—and who are afraid to say no for fear the lights will begin to grow dim!

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# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

BY ROBERT PILGRIM



(CORRUPT LATIN, CARNE-VALE)  
MEANS "GOOD-BY TO MEAT!"  
MARDI GRAS MEANS "FAT TUESDAY!"

THE FIRST "CARNIVAL" WAS THAT TIME OF MERRymAKING AND FEASTING IMMEDIATELY PRECEDING LENT, WHICH CONCLUDED WITH THE MARDI GRAS, OR "FAT TUESDAY", AFTER WHICH THE LENTEN PROHIBITION OF MEAT AND GAIETY WAS IN FULL FORCE  
FROM LESLIE PARISH, 1710 SPRUCE ST., BERKELEY, CALIF. 94703



DRY DIGITS DELIGHT DOUGHNUT DUNKERS — AS THEY TRY OUT THE DOUGHNUT WITH A HANDLE (INVENTION OF ARTHUR BASHAM, DES MOINES, IOWA). A WOODEN HANDLE BAKED RIGHT INTO THE DOUGHNUT PERMITS DEEP DUNKING WITHOUT WETTING A FINGER!

FROM HAROLD E. FORDNEY, 117 W. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

TOMATOES, FILLED WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND CANDIED CHERRIES, MADE FAVORITE DESSERTS FOR THE FASHIONABLE "PINK TEAS" OF THE 1880'S



FROM THOMAS C. COOK, 105 S. BURLINGTON AVE., SEATTLE, WASH.

AN APPLE ONLY ONE-FOURTH INCH IN DIAMETER, BUT FULLY MATURED AND PERFECT, WAS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE SONOMA COUNTY (CALIF.) MUSEUM OF AGRICULTURAL CURIOSITIES. (IT'S BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY LILLIPUTIAN APPLE ON RECORD.)



FROM C. H. VERNON, 1628 ELMWOOD AVENUE, WILM., DEL.  
IN BELGIUM, CANDIDATES FOR ADMISSION TO UNIVERSITY STUDENT CLUBS ARE "BAPTIZED" BY ENFORCED DRINKING FROM THEIR SHOES AND CAPS!

FROM MARY ANN BURNEY,  
2101 WILSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

HALF-FRIED CHICKEN  
SOUP

SIGN  
SEEN ON THE HIGHWAY NEAR SAN JOSE, CALIF.

A THOUSAND WISHES ON THIS WISHLBONE WISHING TREE!

HARRY KLOINE OF LATONIA, KY., HAS A TREE MADE OF CHICKEN AND TURKEY WISHLBONES. IT HAS BEEN GRADUALLY BUILT UP UNTIL IT STANDS OVER FOUR FEET TALL AND CONTAINS MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND OF THE "LUCKY" BONES



Pilgrim

**U**NUSUAL facts about food and housekeeping are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of \$10, a second prize of \$5, and several \$1 prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. This contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



ANSWERS FROM  
SCHOOLBOY EXAM PAPERS

Q. WHO WAS SORRY WHEN THE PRODIGAL SON RETURNED?  
A. THE FATTED CALF  
Q. WHAT IS A DEMAGOGUE?  
A. A POTBELLIED VESSEL FOR HOLDING LIQUOR  
FROM MARY A. D. THOMAS, BENDON, OREGON

# Frank Morgan

Star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures and  
THE MAXWELL HOUSE HIT RADIO PROGRAM, "GOOD NEWS OF 1938"



THAT'S JUST WHAT  
THE MEN IN MY FAMILY  
SAY, MR. MORGAN!  
BUT, YOU CAN'T MAKE  
GOOD DREG SCAN  
UNLESS YOU USE A  
SPECIAL DREGGRINDER  
SO I USE **DREGSCANS**

BY DREGS

## speaks:

A-A-H! THIS IS THE  
KIND OF **DREGS**  
SCAN A MAN  
REALLY ENJOYS—  
**RICH AND ROBUST!**

